

Views and Doings of Individuals.

For the Gospel Tribune.

CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST.

BY J. D. WALLACE.

"They know not what they do."—LUKE. XXIII. 34.

They hang the Incarnate Son of God
Upon the cruel tree;
And thus imbue their guilty hands
In the blood of Sov'reignty:
Into his side they thrust the spear,
His agonies they view;
And yet, O wonder! can it be
They know not what they do?

Prophets had long before foretold
The Son of God should come,
And clothed in humanity,
With light the world illumine;
That he should die for crimes of men,
And not for sins he knew—
Behold they slay him now, and yet
They know not what they do!

The prophecies of old are now,
And not till now fulfilled;
A firm foundation stone is laid,
Man may salvation build:
They think not that their cruel deed
Proclaim the prophet's true;
They slay him from their outward hate,
And know not what they do.

The Father now is reconciled,
Man's crimes he may forgive;
Justice itself is satisfied,
And cries,—“Thou mayest live!”
Angels look on, and seek to pierce
The giant mystery through;
While human fiends exulting mock,—
They know not what they do.

They think they honour now the God,
Whose very Son they kill;
That they are guiltless, since his tongue
In death's embrace is still:
They think not that they stain their souls
With crime of blackest hue;
For which a reckoning day will come—
They know not what they do.

Sinners, who trample under foot
The mercies of your God;
Who spurn the offers of the Lamb,
Who shed for you his blood:
Your souls are also stain'd with sin,
Christ's blood is on you too;
Why will ye not for mercy cry?
You know not what you do.

Tona, Elgin Co., C. W.

For the Gospel Tribune.

THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

Yes! fallen man! there's much beyond the grave
Besides forgetfulness from Lethic's wave;
There horror dire awaits the guilty soul,
And pangs that cense not long as ages roll.
There is a hell, the scowling dark domain
Of him who tamper'd with the Godhead's reign;
Where sin consign'd by the imperial doom,
Gasps but to breathe more stifling fume;
And where excruciating writhings show,
Mid howlings fierce and hideous moanings low;

How dreadful is the lot of those who bear
The fatal brand, the signal of despair;
But for the man of God there's nought to fear
From dark futurity, or Satan near;
No need has he to fear the tottering bridge,
Though rock'd and groaning by the St. g'an'surge;
Though all around the breaking timbers give
An awful end to those who will not live;
With safety he may wend the fragile way,
All is secure, his Saviour is the stay;
Mid angels he shall soar beyond the sky,
To that bright land where seraphs dwell on high;
Where cherubims and thrones attend their King,
The summons'd speed to execute on wing;
The high decree of heaven's Almighty Lord,
To save, to comfort, or to draw the sword;
There no despair doth blast the youthful days,
Nor sorrow bend to earth the aged gray;
No fever'd brain throbs for the dawning ray,
No doomed captive dreads the closing day;
No penury nor famine gnaws the heart,
No sceptic shudders lest the soul depart,
But all's serene where flows the living stream,
The Christian's heaven is no Elysian dream;
That his inheritance might be above,
For him the Saviour died, so great his love.

A. D.

The readers of the *Tribune* were apprised by the last issue of the death of the Rev. Charles Simmons. A sacred pleasure is awakened in the contemplation of his death by the fact, that his last effort to benefit the world by his pen, was dedicated to the promotion of the *Tribune's* mission; adding yet another testimony to the oft-confirmed truth, that Christians attach increasing importance to the unrestricted communion of saints, as they draw near to heaven, their family home. Respecting the article alluded to, Mrs. Simmons writes:—

NORTH WRENTHAM, July 10th, 1856.

MR. DICK,—Dear Sir, the accompanying communication was written by my departed husband, inclosed in an envelope and addressed to you. I saw it while he was living, but supposing it to be a letter, and having no time to spare, I did not open it; and as he said nothing respecting it, it remained in its place till after his decease. As it was designed for the *Tribune*, I send you a copy, retaining the original. You will forgive me for prizing the writing so highly, as I believe this to be the last article he ever wrote for publication. It is herewith placed at your disposal.

Mrs. CHARLES SIMMONS.

Deeply interesting, then, as the article is in itself its value is greatly enhanced by the circumstances, under which it was written. It is as follows:—

For the Gospel Tribune.

"THE FELLOWSHIP OF SAINTS."

This progressive and peculiar affection does not consist in the courtesy and politeness due from man to man, throughout the brotherhood and sisterhood of the race, "made of one blood," in the "image of God." It does not consist in the righteousness of natural religion, which demands of us to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God." It is not the God-like virtue of bearing injuries and abuses,